The Chestnut Burr

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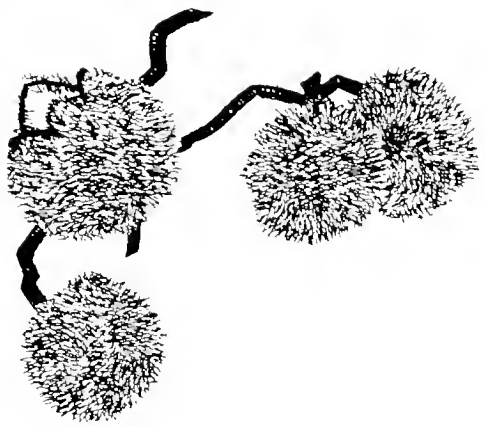


The Chestnut Burr

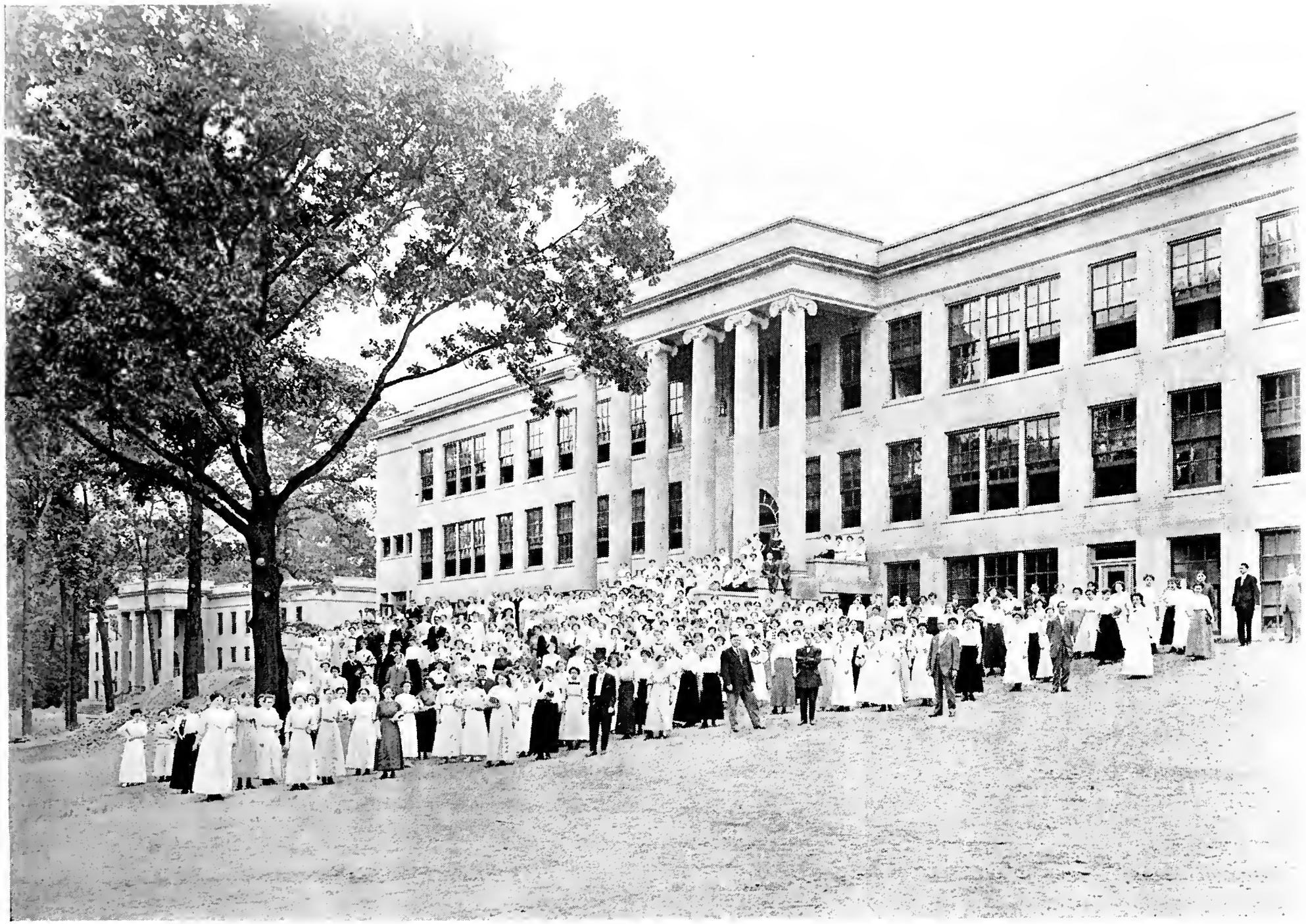
The Chestnut Burr

The First Year Book of
Kent State Normal
School

Published by the

Walden Dramatic Club

1914



Administration Building

In behalf of the Dramatic Club

We, the Editorial Board,

desire to present this book

as a memoir of the

First year at Kent State Normal.

To the generations of young men and women, who in succeeding years will receive training in the Kent State Normal School, this first annual is dedicated.

President John Edward McGilvrey

Board of Trustees

Edwin F. Moulton, *President*.....Warren
John A. McDowell, *Secretary*.....Ashland
Frank A. Merrill.....Kent
Peter W. Doyle.....Hudson
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The Significance of Kent Normal

THE Normal School is organized and planned to give its students knowledge of the problems and principles of teaching, and practical skill in the actual work of the school room. With a knowledge of the principles of education, and some skill in their conscious application in actual teaching, the young teacher need not be limited to a machine-like application of mere prescriptions and devices, but may develop some originality and individuality. The feeling of worth and power resulting therefrom is the source of that inspiration which, emanating from the teacher, stimulates the pupil to a high degree of sustained effort and achievement, and reacting on the teacher urges toward growth and progress. The Normal School is not therefore limited by a narrow professional aim. In the class room and even in the actual work of training the ultimate aim is to broaden and deepen, to quicken and refine the life of its students. In no other type of professional school is the full, well-rounded development of the worker so essential to the attainment of the end in view. For here even more depends upon the spirit of the worker than upon mere technical knowledge and skill, and the final aim, therefore, of the school, is to nurture and keep alive in the pupil-teacher a sense of the dignity and worth of her work, through a growing appreciation of its possibilities for herself and her pupils.

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Field Work and Extension Teaching

MARGARET W. BLAKE
Training Supervisor

ADALINE KING
Clerk

A Panoramic View

Oh! those drear October days
  When the rain came pouring down—
When we started in at Normal,—
  How we hated this old town!

There were tears of grief and sadness,
  Longings for our home so dear,
As we said to one another,
  "Goodness! Why did I come here?"

But ere long when we were settled,
  And the sun began to shine,
We'd say to those who queried,
  "Why, we like it here just fine!"

Oh! the air's so pure and wholesome,
  High up on Normal Hill;
Pesky germs do not disturb us,
  We can live, and with a will.

All the stately oaks and chestnuts,
  Growing on the campus wide,
Seem to say, "We're proud of Normal;
  Come and share with us that pride."

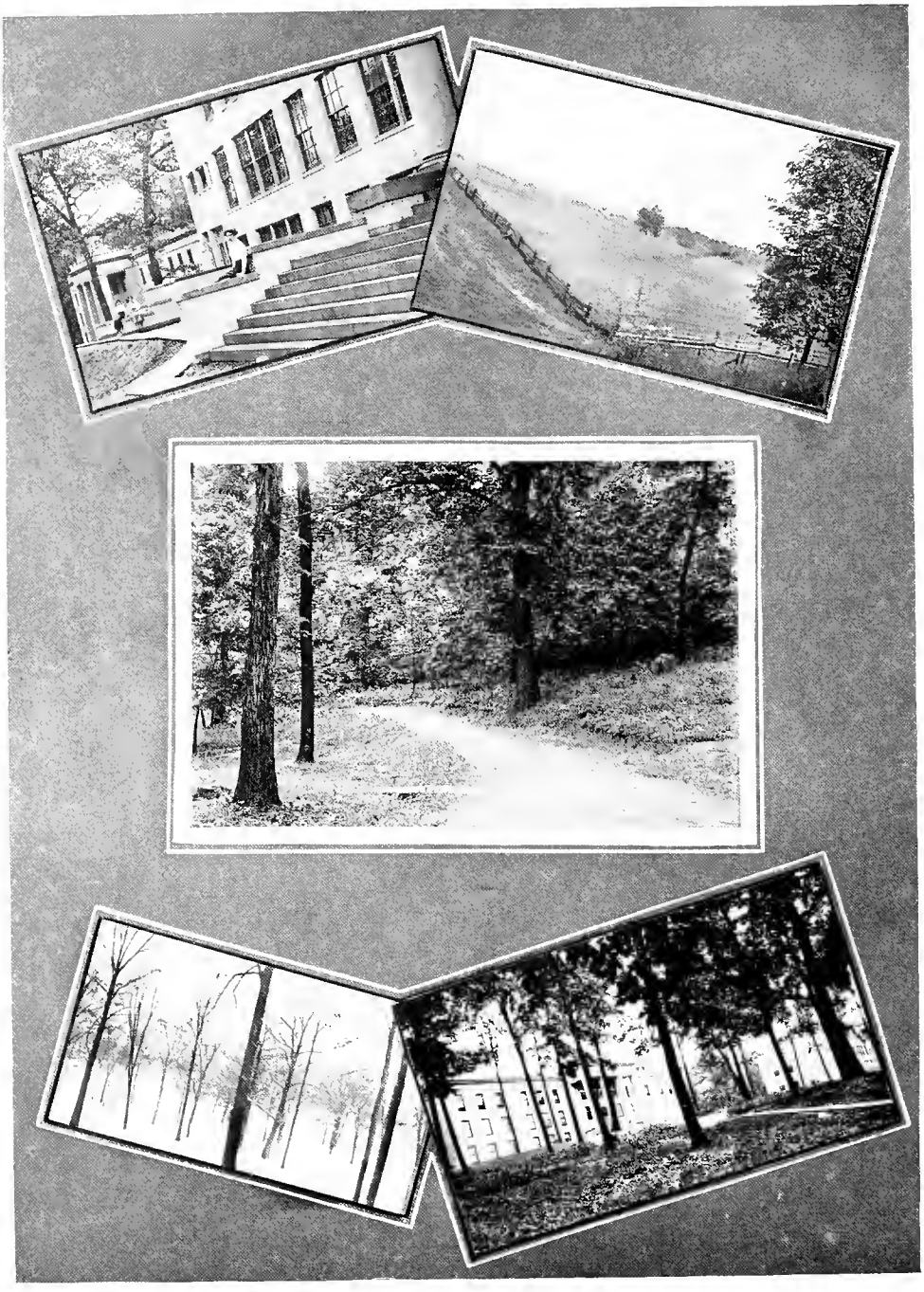
And the students—well, I'll tell you,
  Though you travel everywhere,
Such a group of pretty maidens
  You'll admit are very rare.

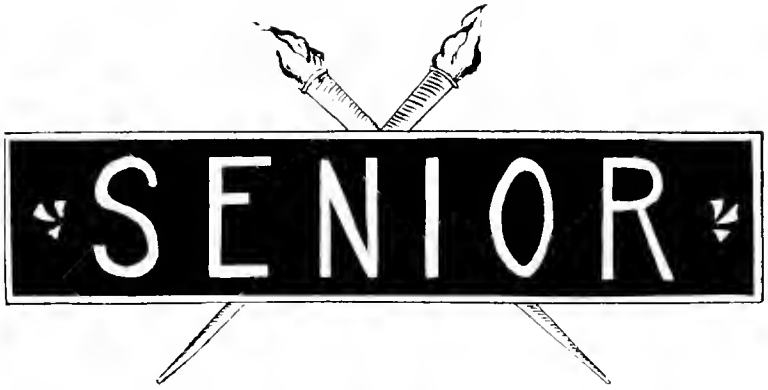
Then the boys! I 'most forgot them,
  As I nearly always do,
Are great in quality—but oh!
  They're entirely too few.

But, of course, the most important,
  As I'm sure you all have guessed,
Is the corps of busy teachers,
  Each one better than the rest.

Kent State Normal! Yes, we love it,
  Love it for its mem'ries new,
And the prospects reaching onward
  To a goal beyond our view.

I. W.




SENIOR

'14

Class of 1914

JOANNA AGNES DOYLE,
HUDSON, OHIO.

Graduate Ursuline College, Cleveland; Class President.

Why anyone who spends most of her time crocheting, drawing cozy corners, and reading "The Modern Hostess," should want to go to Normal School is more than we can fathom.

FRANCES ANTOINETTE THOMPSON,
PARKMAN, OHIO.

Graduate Lexington High School; Student Baldwin University, Berea, Ohio; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Athletic Association.

An earnest advocate of the fourth commandment, and lives up to her ideals. Always waits until she has something worth while to say and then says it.

"A quiet lass, there are but few
Who know the treasures hid in you."

LEAH MARSH,
KENT, OHIO.

Graduate Kent High School; Student Buchtel College; Domestic Science; Basketball.

A shy little miss, very domestic in her tastes. Her hobby is basketball, and she plays it with a dash. We are not sure whether she intends to teach Domestic Science or practice it.

ELEANOR JELLEY,
LORAIN, OHIO.

Graduate Lorain High School; Attended Oberlin Conservatory, Otterbein University.

"Our Dignified Senior." Prim, neat, and dignified. Has an intelligent bearing. Dresses well. Has convictions of her own. Positively knows a "housefly" when she sees it.

"Naught but Death shall e'er divorce my dignity."

RACHEL ANDERSON,
WEST VIEW, OHIO.

Graduate Berea High School; Attended Baldwin University, Berea.

Dignified, studious, and conscientious. Is careful of her English and desirous to please. An earnest advocate of Women's Rights.

MABEL WALWORTH,
ORLANDO, FLORIDA.

Graduate Omaha, Nebraska, High School; Attended Wayne State Normal, Wayne, Neb.; Dramatic Club.

Takes things calmly. Fond of traveling. Has an ambition to reach the North Pole.

"She seems made of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

ADA BLANCHE CURTISS,
TWINSBURG, OHIO.

Graduate Twinsburg High School; Student Ohio University, Athens.

A highly capable and devout young lady. Very much interested in Nature Study, making a special study of the "Roach."

CHRISTINA MYERS,
ELYRIA, OHIO.

Graduate Elyria High School; Elyria City Training School; Attended Wooster Summer School, Ypsilanti Summer School, Athens Summer School.

A serious, earnest student, who has proved that a city girl can teach a country school quite as well as a girl of Nature's own rearing.

ELIZABETH PIERCE,
WAKEMAN, OHIO.

Graduate Oberlin High School; Student Oberlin Summer School.

A very industrious student who has a natural bent for psychology. She has an ambition to read all the magazines and newspapers in the library, and can appreciate a good joke.

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't.
And if she won't, she won't, and there's the end on't."

CHARLOTTE M. GORZ,
ASHLAND, OHIO.

Graduate Ashland High School; Attended Wooster Summer School; Glee Club; Dramatic Club.

This girl has a way all her own. Takes the lead in matters of diplomacy and serves as peace-maker, despite the fact that she dislikes to see others peaceful, especially when alarm clocks are within range.

"As prone to mischief as able to perform it."

ETHEL MARIE STARR,
CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO.

Graduate Cuyahoga Falls High School.

The shining "Star" that has inspired us onward and upward. Always holds her head high. Regular and attentive (?) at Assembly. Fond of good books. Favorite author is Noah Webster. A good story-teller.

FRANCES ELIZABETH MOORE,
CARROLLTON, OHIO.

Graduate Carrollton High School; Student Ohio University, Athens. Dramatic Club.

A discreet maiden and a social favorite everywhere.

"She is pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

JEAN L. CHALMERS,
MINERAL CITY, OHIO.

Graduate Mineral City High School; Student Ohio University, Athens.

The happiest, jolliest Senior at Kent Normal. Has a special talent for story-writing.

"I make it a practice to put my troubles in the bottom of my heart and sit on the lid."

CORA FIELDS,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Graduate Cleveland High School; Attended Oberlin Conservatory.

Our musician. She is ambitious to the breaking point, and has a penchant for burning midnight oil.

"And when she played, the atmosphere was filled with music."

AMELIA BURR,
DORSET, OHIO.

Graduate of Jefferson High School; Student Athens Summer School; Dramatic Club.

A Burr in name only. She is not a relative of the historical Burr. She knows how to play basketball, and is always happy.

"Just being happy is a fine thing to do."

MRS. ANNA MARIE EBY,
KENT, OHIO.

Graduate Hughes High School, Cincinnati; Student Cincinnati University; Student Ohio State University.

The married one of our number. The Class of 1914 feel honored to have Mrs. Eby take her degree with them at Kent Normal.

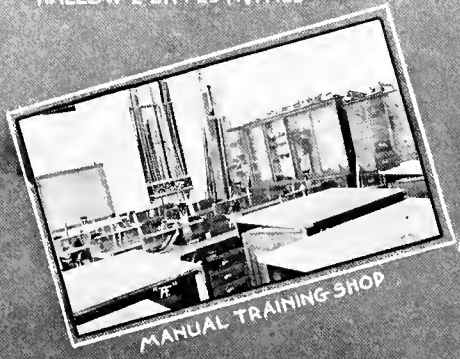
ART STUDENTS

TRIP TO BARBER FARM

"STEP UP CLOSER, EDDIE"

HALLOW E'EN FESTIVITIES

SPECIAL MUSIC STUDENTS



MANUAL TRAINING SHOP

NORMAL INN

NORMAL
STUDENTS

School Colors

Orange and Blue

Our Creed

We believe in the Normal School training which gives to the individual a greater outlook and a freer mind. We believe that life is larger, richer, and happier for such an education.

We believe that the privilege of work demands the qualities of head, heart and hand, and that success depends not alone on the acquisition of facts, but also on the application of them; not on our ideals, but on what we can actually do; not on our location, but on ourselves.

We believe in a vocational training with an aim toward greater social efficiency. We have an abiding faith in an institution cherishing such an aim. Therefore, we believe in and have faith in

The Kent
State Normal School.

L. C. B.

Our School Song

(Sung to the tune of "Oklahoma.")

I

All hail to the school, all schools above!
We sing of her worth so true.
She beckons us on to the heights above—
Our strength every day to renew.
And across our way comes the dawn of day,
With its light and its cheer for us all;—
We chant the praise in our roundelay,
Of her who's the best of all.

CHORUS

Kent State Normal! Kent State Normal!
Finest school in all the West.
Kent State Normal! Kent State Normal!
'Tis the school we love the best.
So we'll chant her glorious praises,
Waving high her orange and blue,—
And to her we vow devotion,
Love and honor all so true.

Shall foemen in wrath our flag despoil,
And trample it 'neath their feet,—
Our orange and blue in the dust to spoil,
Our glory to turn to defeat?
Not till fires burn cold and our spirit's old,
Shall the enemy tread on our flag.
To arms! To arms! Let our cry ring bold—
To fight for our dear old flag.

L. A. PITTENGER.

The Normal Book Shelf

"The Actress"..... Gladys Keenan
"The Chatter Box"..... Marcella Oswald
"The Iron Woman"..... Mrs. Gilbert
"Freckles"..... Ruth Chamberlain
"The Gentleman from Indiana"..... Mr. Pittenger
"The Old Curiosity Shop"..... Mr. Whyte's Office
"House of a Thousand Candles"..... Walden Hall, 10:36 P. M.
"Little Women"..... Frances Moore and Sarah Jelley
"Grandaddy Longlegs"..... Mr. Marker
"The Bolted Door"..... Dining-room door
"Danger Mark"..... "C" on blue slip
"Pandora's Box"..... Rachel Anderson's purse
"The Slim Princess"..... Gladys Fishleigh
"Sense and Sensibility"..... Curney McFarland
"Forty Minutes Late"..... Christina Myers
"The Silent Call"..... Study gong
"The Music Master"..... Mr. Dinsmore
"The Man Higher Up"..... President McGilvrey
"Old Reliable"..... Lena MacDonald
"The Post Girl"..... Miss King
"The Heart Line"..... "Dorm" telephone
"Tried and True"..... Elsie Kroeger
"The American System"..... The Normal clocks
"The Silver Butterfly"..... Ruth Jenkins
"The Broken Road"..... East Main street
"Flute of the Gods"..... Welsh's piccolo
"Girls of True Blue"..... Normal girls
"To Have and to Hold"..... Mona Hodges
"The Man of the Hour"..... Lawyer Newton
"The Port of Missing Men"..... Kent State Normal
"The Jungle"..... Room No. 23
"The Gentle Boy"..... Edgar Nickerson
"The Cuckoo Clock"..... Myra Jackson

In Memoriam

MILDRED M. MANNING

1897—1914

One of our brightest, ablest students, always a willing helper, with a happy heart and a cheery smile. To know her was to love her, —

"And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made."

In Memoriam

MARGARET CAMPBELL DINSMORE

1858—1914

Founder of Woman's Club in Berea, Ky., godmother and friend to the Dinsmore Dramatic Club of South Salem. In her work with Mr. Dinsmore she was connected with schools in Washington, Kas., Humboldt, Neb., Lincoln, Neb., Beatrice, Neb., and Berea, Ky. Coming from Berea to the State Normal at Kent, Ohio, where Mr. Dinsmore is head of the Department of Rural Schools. Here she became a member of the Travelers' Club and of the Faculty Women's Club. A woman of more than ordinary talents, a truly great teacher calling forth from her pupils not only intellectually but morally the best there was in them, and always keeping in touch with them in their after life.

"While our eyes may fill with tears and our hearts be tender and sore, we can truly say: 'Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for the pure, sweet and lovely influence of her life.' "

Walden Hall

Walden Hall

THE name "Walden" was chosen for our dormitory because of the likeness of the surroundings to those described in Thoreau's "Walden." The stately appearance of the building among the grand old trees, and the paths leading up to it from all directions make a very picturesque scene.

Walden Hall is the home of about sixty girls, and Mrs. Gilbert, their matron. The rooms are prettily furnished and have a very home-like air.

During the long winter evenings many happy hours were spent at the Hall. The dancing hour after supper was especially enjoyable. On week-end nights the girls were free to pop corn, have fudge parties, parades, music, and a general good time.

Many of the social functions of the school have been held here. On October thirty-first, the girls of Walden Hall and members of the school, including the faculty, assembled, dressed in fantastic costumes, to celebrate Hallowe'en. The evening was spent in games and dancing, the most prominent feature being the mock wedding.

Perhaps the gayest of all the parties took place on New Year's Eve, when the Women's Faculty Club entertained the students and their friends. Dancing was the chief feature of the evening, and the New Year was ushered in with the ringing of gongs and tooting of horns.

The first day of May was set aside by the girls as "Walden Day," and on this day the girls entertained their mothers. The Music Room was beautifully decorated, and the evening was given over to a reception for the mothers and the faculty.

Oh, the girls they are prettiest,
In Walden Hall;
And the matron is the grittiest,
In Walden Hall.
Walden Hall we love the dearest,
Though our menus are the queerest,
In our thoughts what is the nearest?
Walden Hall!

"Swat the Fly"

One hot summer day on Normal Hill,
A fly lit on the window sill;
Every student in Sanitation,
Made a rush to save his nation,—

Swat the fly.

Now every college as you know well,
Should appreciate a reigning concert belle;
In many schools De Sylva's the rage,
But the Normal girls have the picture show craze,—

Swat the fly.

The Normal girls went to a Skinners' ball,
And forgot the rules of Walden Hall;
They danced all night till the dawn of day;
Forgot the Matron and what she'd say,—

Swat the fly.

Now all of our brave boys of Kent,
To fight for their country to Mexico went,
While the Normal girls on the hill, high and dry,
Fought for their country by——

Swatting the fly. E. M. C.

DRAMATIC
CLUB

Dramatic Club

Walden Dramatic Club

Officers

WINTER TERM 1913-14

President.....Lena MacDonald
Vice-President.....Hazel Richardson
Secretary.....Arleen Crittenden
Treasurer.....Amelia Burr

SPRING TERM 1914

President.....Hazel Richardson
Vice-President.....Millo Budd
Secretary.....Ruth Chamberlain
Treasurer.....Alleen Canfield

The Walden Dramatic Club, so called as a tribute to Walden Hall, was organized December 16, 1913, with a total enrollment of seventy members. The purpose of the organization is intellectual development and the promotion of social welfare among the students of Kent State Normal.

Meetings are held at Walden Hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month, and appropriate programs are arranged.

On the evening of the twenty-first of February the club gave a party in honor of George Washington's birthday. For this occasion the Music Room of Walden Hall was used, it being artistically decorated with American flags and bunting. For entertainment, games for guessing names of states and presidents were provided. One of the features of the evening was a shadow-play entitled, "Little George and His Hatchet," rendered by the following characters:

George Washington.....Master Arthur Pittenger
George's father.....Mr. L. A. Pittenger
Sambo, the servant.....Mr. William Brown

Since the organization of the club the following plays have been given at Walden Hall. The first one, given on March fourth, was an original dramatic contrast in two acts, entitled "Sweethearts," by W. S. Gilbert, and played by the following characters:

Mr. Harry Spreadbrow.....Emmeline Baumeister
Miss Jennie Northcott.....Evalyn Amos
Wilcox, the gardener.....Gladys Keenan
Ruth, the maid-servant.....Ruth Thurston

After the play a farce entitled, "Just Like a Woman," was given.

CHARACTERS

Mr. Jack Raymond.....William Brown
Mrs. Stella Raymond.....Marjorie Hanlon

Music was furnished by the Elgin Trio of Kent, Ohio. On April thirtieth, for the benefit of the Athletic Association, the Dramatic Club presented,

"A Box of Monkeys"

A Parlor Farce in Two Acts, by Grace L. Furniss

CHARACTERS

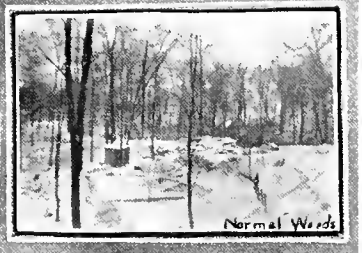
Edward Ralston, promising young American, half-owner of the Sierra gold mine.....Leo Welsh
Chauncey Oglethorpe, his partner, second son of Lord Doncaster .....William Brown
Mrs. Ondego-Jhones, admirer of rank.....Curney MacFarland
Sierra Bengaline, her niece, a prairie rose.....Gladys Keenan
Lady Guinevere Llandpoore, daughter of Earl of Paynaught..... .....Mona Hodges

After hearing the play, all agreed that it was "more fun than a box of monkeys."

We have been greatly encouraged by our past successes, and in the future we hope to attain even greater success and a higher standard than we have established this first year.

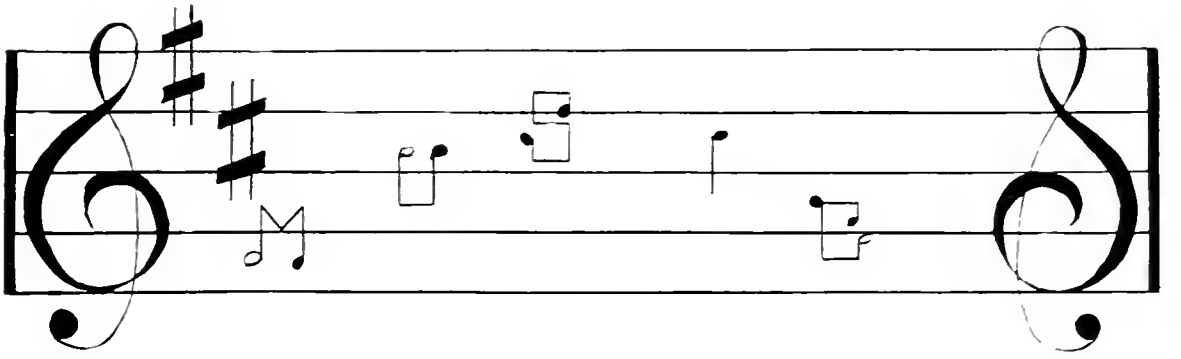
Dramatic Glee Club

SWEETHEARTS


Normal Woods

AT CANDY LAKE

The "Normal" Baby



Normal Glee Club

The Normal Glee Club

THE Glee Club, during its first year, has had a membership of thirty-one enthusiastic and faithful girls. Just one forty-five minute period the week has been devoted to rehearsals. The club has studied three-part and four-part choruses, and even in the limited time given to rehearsals it has achieved really artistic results in singing some of the standard choruses.

Miss Frances M. Dickey, head of the music department, is director of the club, and Miss Cora Fields is the accompanist.

The Glee Club has sung several times before the students at Assembly and each time it has been greeted by an appreciative audience. The club furnished a double number for the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' Association, held in Kent, April eleventh, and sang on Extension Day, May sixteenth.

The following choruses are the ones that have been used by the club this year:

Forget-Me-Not ..... Giese
May Dance (Estudiantina) ..... Lacome
Lift Thine Eyes (Elijah) ..... Mendelssohn
Waltz (Faust) ..... Gounod
Nocturne ..... Denza
Dinah ..... Clayton Johns
Shoogy Shoo ..... Grace Mayhew

I'll Try --- What?

To giggle no more.....Margaret Covert

To bluff a little.....Ethel Warring

To be as broad as long.....Helen Pfaff

To keep still a little while.....Ruth Priday

To get shoes to fit my feet.....Mr. Hopkins

To ask more questions.....Mr. Easton

To work a little harder.....Leola Rigby

To lower my voice.....Margaret Myers

To persuade my classes to swallow the whole library.....Mr. Layton

ATHLETICS

Gladys Keenan, *Captain*
Curney MacFarland
Hilda Hotchkiss
Bertha Feuterer
Charlotte Hoyle
Leah Marsh
Elsie Kroeger
Doris Fenn

Gladys Simison, *Captain*

Betty Whitmore

Crilla Thomas

Lulu McClure

Helen Burgin

Flora Jenkins

Amelia Burr

Martha Motz

The Athletic Association

History of 1914

THE Association was organized during the winter term of 1914. A meeting was called by Miss Ruth Atkinson, head of the department of Physical Education. At this meeting the officers were elected and plans made for the coming basket-ball and tennis season. Miss MacFarland was elected president; Miss Hall, vice-president; Miss Keenan, secretary, and Miss Jenkins, treasurer.

Four basket-ball captains were appointed; namely, Gladys Keenan, Lulu McClure, Leah Marsh, and Gladys Simison. These captains at once organized four strong teams.

A committee consisting of Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Layton, Miss Marsh, Miss Whitmore, Miss Keenan and Miss Richardson was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the association.

Considerable basket-ball practice was indulged in, and during the spring term some interesting games were played. One of the most memorable of these games was a double one, between the four teams, that ended in a grand spread in the dormitory music room.

Another "never-to-be-forgotten" evening was when the Boys' Athletic Association played a game with Cuyahoga Falls (?), and the Girls' Athletic Association gave them a spread, following it with music and dancing.

Some members of the faculty would "eliminate" the school night games, although it is a splendid method of employing "motor activity." Nevertheless, these evenings go down in our memory as some of the happiest moments spent on Normal Hill.

Those receiving letters and numerals for especially good team work were:

Hilda Hotchkiss	Crilla Thomas
Flora Jenkins	Doris Fenn
Gladys Keenan	Leah Marsh
Bertha Feuterer	Betty Whitmore
Martha Motz	Elsie Kroeger
Curney MacFarland	Amelia Burr
Gladys Simison	Charlotte Hoyle
Helen Burgin	Lulu McClure

Marie Hall, as yell leader, deserves unstinted praise for her work, spirit, and enthusiasm.

Ex Temporé Base Ball Team

Boys' Athletics

WHEN school opened September twenty-ninth the boys were greatly discouraged at the prospects for athletics of any sort. There was ample reason for this, because out of one hundred and forty students, only five were boys. But in a few weeks more students came and the boys became more hopeful.

A basket-ball team was organized, with L. A. Welsh as captain, and M. J. Billings as manager. The season was a very successful one in the face of many obstacles. Of nine games played, only two were lost.

An Athletic Association was organized and the following officers elected:

H. D. Gibson.....President
M. J. Billings.....Vice-President
William Brown.....Secretary and Treasurer

As the base ball season approached a "nine" was organized with H. E. Nickerson manager, and William Brown, captain.

New uniforms were purchased and the team has had a favorable season.

Plans are being made for a large athletic field in the near future, as well as a large and well-equipped gymnasium and several tennis courts.

Annual Board

LENA MACDONALD.....*Editor-in-Chief*
HAZEL RICHARDSON.....*Assistant Editor*
MARIE HALL.....*Business Manager*
HAZEL SPENCER.....*Assistant Business Manager*
WILLIAM BROWN.....*Assistant Business Manager*

Literary Department

MINNIE DAYTON FRANCES THOMPSON

Artists

RUTH CHAMBERLAIN GERTRUDE GREENOE
MARGARET POTTORF

Girls' Athletics

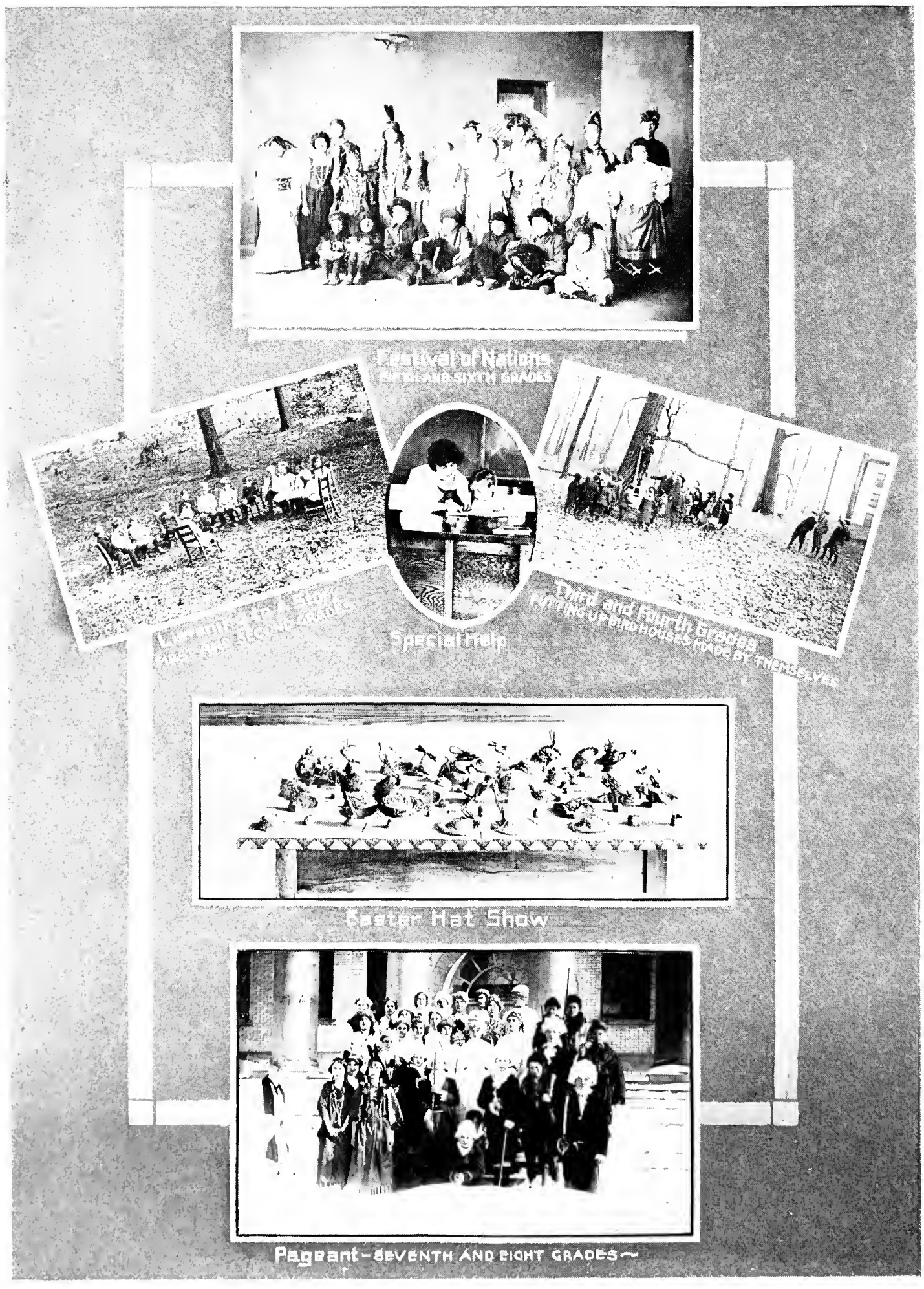
CURNEY MACFARLAND ELSIE KROEGER

Boys' Athletics

LEO WELSH ARTHUR FRIEDLY

Music

RUTH PRIDAY



In the Training School

What We Love*

We love to go to Normal School;
We love to run and slide;
We love to think, we love the lad
Who perches by our side.

We love to coast in winter time,
And tumble off the sled;
We love to hear the cog-wheels buzz,
Within our own dear head(s).

In fact, we love most anything
That Normal students should;
But such an awful job as this,
Ought never to be stood.

MARGARET POMEROY.

*Written by an eighth grade pupil.

Five Years Hence

Kenton, Ohio, May 10, 1919.

DEAR MARGARET:—

Just think, I've been to Kent State Normal again, where we had so many good times together. I wish you could have been there, too. You would have enjoyed it as I did.

We drove up the beautiful driveway through the campus, which has been wonderfully beautified under the direction of a landscape gardener. All the trees have been "doctored" and trimmed. I suppose another group of "tree skinners" has come to Kent. You know how necessary they are to K. S. N.

There are more buildings now than when you and I were there. The ones being constructed in 1914 are completed and several more have been added. One of the most attractive of the new structures is Moulton Hall.

I arrived before school began and visited many of the classes. I found Mr. Marker instructing the students in psychology and pedagogy. Do you remember how we tried to put expression in our faces so we would get a good grade? He still marks by expression. I heard him say he had received his degree from the fifth university. I suppose, after five years the "poor dears" have to listen to a still longer list of great educators with whom he is personally acquainted.

I went to Mr. Olson's room to see if I could get some inspiration for my class in Geography. Almost the first words I heard him say were, "But what I am trying to get at is—." When I saw one of the girls almost asleep, I felt sorry for him. But *we* could not have kept awake in our day, if it had not been for the musical jingle of Mr. Easton's keys.

When I entered the Art Room, I heard Miss Humphrey say, "Does it look that way to you?" Later, speaking of her work, she remarked, "We have made forty-nine conventional designs, and we will make thirty-seven more before the end of the term." I think the students will be "conventionalized" by that time.

The buzzer sounded for Assembly. The large Auditorium was almost filled. I was pleased to note that there were almost as many boys as girls.

The order of the exercises had not changed much. "Canned" music was still popular and some of the people still persisted in coming in late.

When Assembly was over, I met Miss Prentice in the hall. She was smiling, as usual, and still carrying that same little black handbag.

In Mr. Layton's room, I noticed that all the students had a worried

expression, and carried large note-books. This was due to the great amount of reference work required to win from him that one word of approval, "Sure!"

The buzzer sounded and I hurried to Mr. Hopkins' class, for fear I might be late, for I knew how he would scold if that should happen. I arrived in time to see all the students in their places before the last buzzer. During class several good arguments were begun, but were soon dropped, because, you will remember, Mr. Hopkins must have his own way. A report was given of a *long* trip they had taken. From this I inferred that all wear "shoes that fit."

Desiring to see the new books, I started for the library. On my way I met Mrs. Layton, adjusting her eye glasses, as usual. When I reached the library, I heard Miss Dunbar's familiar voice saying, "Will you please remember that there are others who wish to study, even if you do not?" Everything was quiet at once. That was too much for me, and I decided to look at the new books later.

I was about to visit Mr. Pittenger's class, when I remembered how he had threatened so many times to put me out of his room, so I did not dare go in.

I inquired the way to Mr. Dinsmore's room. I was directed to a large room, where I found Mr. Dinsmore instructing the students in music. I learned that he had become tired of teaching arithmetic and had secured a position as one of the instructors in music. You will not be much surprised at this, when you recall the beautiful songs he sang to us in arithmetic classes.

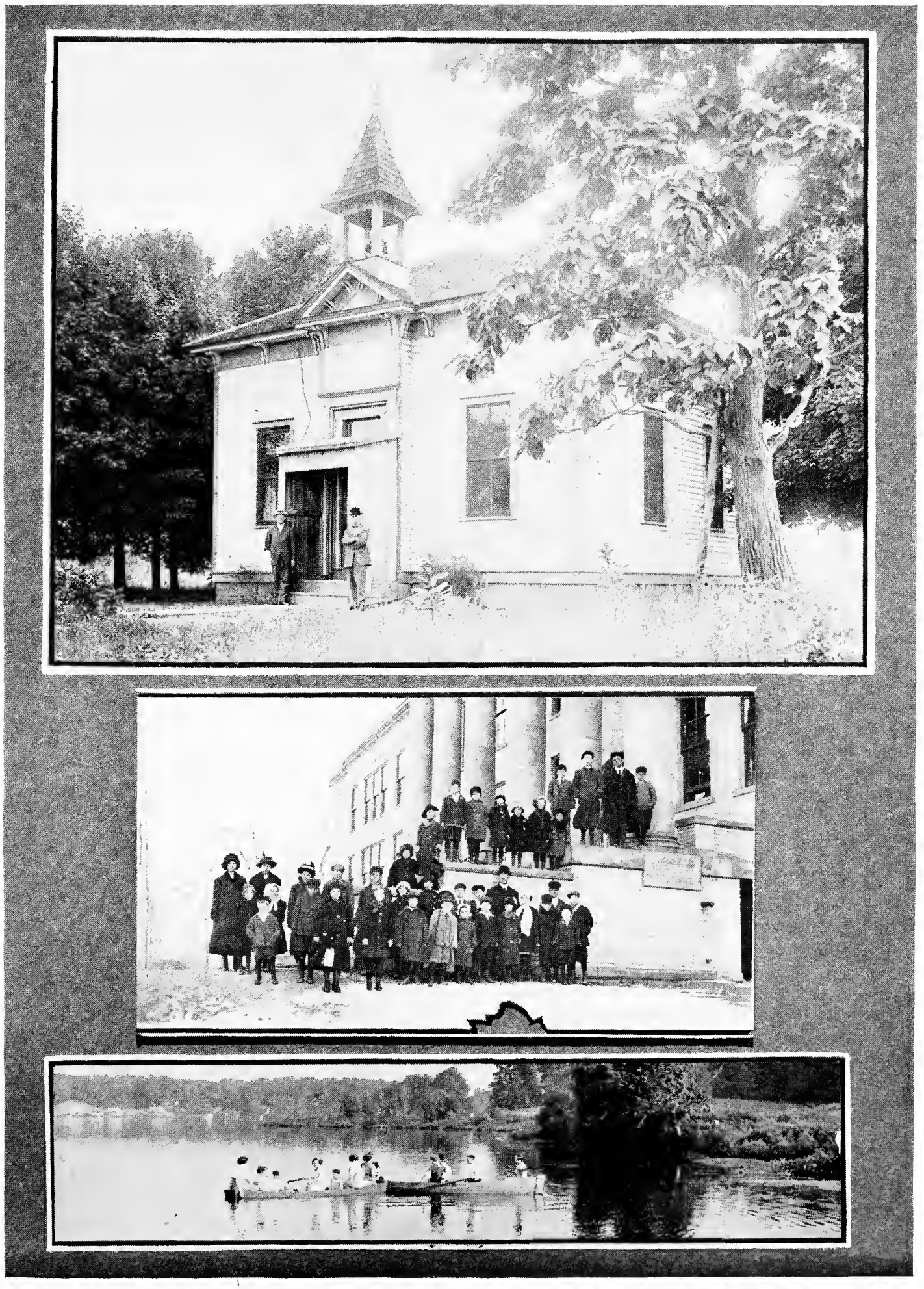
I visited the large gymnasium for a few minutes where preparations were being made for the annual May Pole Dance. When Miss Atkinson saw me, she called, as usual, "Come in." I did so, and enjoyed the girls' work. It gave promise of a very picturesque May Day.

Finally, I visited Walden Hall, but I will tell you about that when I come to see you.

Lovingly,

POLLY.

F. B.



The Brady School

Wanted

Rubber heels for the flies at the dormitory—so they won't make so much noise on Sunday afternoons.....Mrs. Gilbert

An ideal man .....Lizette Dietz

A cure for giggles .....Margaret Pottorf

Something to worry about .....Hazel Mapes

Information about raising babies.....Landis

To be as tall as Bill White .....Brown

A new "case" .....Gladys Keenan

Someone to help me decide which one it shall be .....Genevieve Kingzett

Some one to hypnotize .....Leo Welsh

Something to eat that won't make me fat .....Lura Williamson

Good Manners and Good Form

(Edited by Dottie Dix.)

DEAR MISS DIX:

Is it the duty of the dormitory girls to help the matron entertain her beau? If so, what would you suggest as the best means of entertainment? WALDEN GIRLS.

Yes, girls, it is most assuredly your duty to help the matron in this her chief cause of worriment. Would you not expect her to do all in her power to hold a beau for you? You must select your entertainment with care as so much depends on it. If she has a piano it would be quite proper for you to play and sing such songs as "Love Me And The World Is Mine," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Waiting at the Church," "Sympathy," etc. If she has a Victrola it would be perfectly proper for you to allow her to use it; you might even suggest that she play "The Italian Street Song."—such cases have been known. Never under any circumstances leave them in the room alone, for conversation might lag. When he leaves, you should go as far as the front steps with him and urge him to come again. Never let him leave without making him feel that his visit has been a condescension and a special favor to both the matron and yourselves.

I might suggest that you appoint committees for each evening, so he will never be lonesome.

DEAR MISS DIX:

Do you think it is my duty to spend all of my Sundays in the dormitory when I am on duty twenty-four hours a day and every day in the week? WORRIED MATRON.

I am sure that you are needlessly alarmed about it being necessary for you to remain on duty on Sundays for most of the girls are planning to be teachers and know how to behave. I should think it would be necessary for you to go to a Sanitarium before long if you continue the long hours you are now putting in. Eight hours is sufficient time to spend on crocheting and politics; the rest of the time you had better spend out

of doors or at the picture show. If any trouble arises over your absence on Sundays, I should advise you to consult a *lawyer*.

DEAR MISS DIX:

I am a young man of twenty-one; very good looking and agreeable. I am trying to find a girl who will be an ideal wife for a man interested in Psychology, Hypnotism and the higher things of life. All of the girls in the dormitory are after me and I wish you would suggest the correct manner of selecting one from among them.

MR. WELSH.

I would advise you to assemble the girls in the Music Room at some convenient time and hypnotise each in turn. While she is under the spell you can find out her characteristics and thereby decide easily.

An Epoch-Making Faculty Meeting

Meeting called to order by Pres. McGilvrey.

Subject under discussion:

To have or not to have an Annual.

Pres. McGilvrey—

"As I was saying, the unrestrained student body have allowed their school spirit to run away with them and are clamoring for an Annual. Shall we allow them to inflict upon the school a "bulletin" of the sort they would concoct, or squelch the restless ardor of youth in the green bud?"

Marker—

"By the way, would this excuse the board from any of their work? No? Well I vote no annual; we must have work."

Humphrey—

"We have no art, no genius, none of the heavenly love of beauty possessed by those who enroll in larger schools. I for one vote 'no'."

H. Atkinson—

"There is not enough time; we should at least have six months in which to prepare it. Better not have an Annual than one which will disgrace us. We can not get the material. Our school is not—, well, in fact, this school has not the requisite literary or artistic ability to publish the kind of Annual we want."

Layton—

"That's it. (Nods) Exactly. Now for instance, my history lessons will be of a length that will leave no time for *annual* reflections."

Hopkins—

"Oh, bugs, we had them in Pittsburg, and you don't know what you've missed until you have one."

Olson—

"So much in future life depends on a knowledge of the formation of the earth's crust. Why, the student body may die without ever realizing that in the future ages the land will be entirely worn away by erosion. Geography, the greatest science—"

Van Deusen—

"Well, I for one am bent on seeing the Annual go through."

Layton—

"Well, I always knew you were bent on something."

R. Atkinson—

"Would the Annual be a form of 'motor activity'?"

Pittenger—

"No, mental activity!"

R. Atkinson—

"Well, motor activity must come before mental activity. I oppose it."

Pittenger—

"Your arguments are all good, but I think we can get the material in plenty of time, if we can only see our way through financially."

McGilvrey—

"Well, we might as well cease debating at once. When it comes up in Assembly in the morning I will quickly kill it off. We stand adjourned."

Was it squelched? ? ? ? ? ? Read on and see!

The Baby "Annual"

The Awakening

IT was an ideal evening; spring had coaxed the whole outdoors into putting on her coolest, freshest green and out across the campus the apple-orchard on Normal Hill was a mass of pink and white blossoms.

Eloise Vane, the most popular girl in the dormitory, sat by the study window, looking out across the path that leads to the orchard. There was a dreamy look in her brown eyes as she thought what a grand place that orchard would be for a stroll in the moonlight, and a smile of anticipation came as she remembered that Harley had said he would come to the dormitory at eight o'clock. The smile developed into a light-hearted laugh as she thought of the big "Skinner" with his slouch hat and care-free manner, who had won for himself almost first place in her thoughts.

A walk in the apple-orchard with Harley! Why not? So busy was Eloise with her thoughts that she did not hear a light rap on her study door and was not aware of her visitor's presence until Miss Rawson laughingly said—"Well, which one are you dreaming about, now?"

"How did you know I was dreaming of any one? But to tell the truth I was thinking that I would take Harley out in the orchard for a ramble this evening. You know he has not proposed yet and they generally do that before I have known them two weeks—but I guess apple-blossoms and a moon will bring him around!"

Miss Rawson had scarcely had time to express her opinion when two other girls entered the room. One of them, a breezy, but rather impudent little lady had hardly put her books on the table when she said—"Well, I declare. Eloise! What is going to happen? You're not at the telephone,—not reading a letter,—and here it is nearly six-thirty and you are really in your room! What's the matter? You haven't a vacant period tonight, have you?"

"Time will tell—so you had better wait for further developments," said Eloise as she gave Miss Rawson a knowing wink and started for the corridor.

She had just stepped into the doorway when she met Edna Austin, her room-mate, who handed her a letter.

"For me?" asked Eloise. "Oh, good! It's the fourth letter I've had today! That's going some, isn't it?"

She tore the envelope open and pulled out a single sheet of paper and a look of surprise came into her face as she read, and then she laughed. "Listen, girls! 'Dearest Eloise: I am horribly lonesome; will you please come home tonight? Yours, Earle.' Now, what do you think of that! Here I've been going home every week this winter and sometimes oftener

—just to please him, and now he says, 'Please come home.' Oh these boys! Well! he is going to get fooled this time. I have other fish to fry, and he can—"

"Miss Vane! Oh, Miss Vane! Telephone!"

"Is it that man of mine?" called Eloise as she started down the corridor.

"Yes! I think it is Harley," replied the matron as she met Eloise on the stairway.

Eloise entered the office and came face to face with Alice Ray.

"Alice, did you ever see anything like it? Just got a letter from Earle, and here is Harley calling me! No telling how many more I'll—"

"Well!" snapped Alice, "you've certainly got a blessed lot of brains to go to school and be out every other night the way you are. I don't see how you do it! I couldn't!" and Alice dashed out of the office.

"Well! If she isn't a sore-head!" murmured Eloise to herself as she picked up the receiver.

"Hello!—Yes!—this is Eloise!—What?—I can't hear you!—Can't come?—Oh, dear!—You'll come tomorrow night?—Good!—Good-bye!"

Eloise started for her room. On the way she decided that she might as well go home because Earle would be expecting her. Hurrying into the study she nearly collided with Miss Rawson, who was just returning to her room on the first floor.

"The walk is called off and I have decided to go home—see you tomorrow," said Eloise as she passed her.

By this time Miss Rawson had reached the stairway and she laughingly called back, "I often wonder why you don't find a victim on the car on your way home! I suppose you will some day and then what will the 'Skinners' do?"

But Eloise was already in her room and was giving Edna directions as to what to put into the suitcase while she herself was getting ready to go to the car. After explaining to Edna and her suite-mates that she might as well go home as she was needed at home to sing in the choir, she hurriedly left the dormitory.

"Now, girls, look at that!" said Edna. "Here it was her turn to do the cleaning,—and as usual, it is left to me!"

"If I were you, Edna, I simply wouldn't do it!" suggested Louise. "Eloise has plenty of time to go down town every night or two, and she could manage to do at least a part of the work around here. I'm getting disgusted!"

"Well, she says she has so much to do, so I just keep on and say nothing," answered Edna as she went down the corridor toward the Music Room.

All unconscious of these remarks, Eloise was hurrying across the campus. The moon had come up and the big trees were throwing long shadows across the path. Eloise stopped. Was someone coming toward her or was it just a trick of her imagination? "I wonder who it can be?" thought Eloise. She did not have to wonder long for a queer-looking old woman stepped out of the shadows.

"Tell your fortune, Miss?"

"No!" said Eloise, "I haven't time."

"Yes, Miss! I tell your fortune,—only twenty-five cents! You are beautiful—You must have many admirers,—Yes?"

This last statement was too much for Eloise and she set her suitcase down, perfectly willing to listen to all that the old woman might tell her.

"You stay—and listen?" said the crafty old gypsy.

"Yes!" answered Eloise. "Go on!"

They stepped out of the path and sat down at the foot of a big tree. After a moment of silence Eloise said, "So you think I am beautiful?"

"Yes, very beautiful!" answered the old woman as she took the girl's hand.

There was hardly light enough for the fortune-teller to see the hand she was holding but she seemed to feel the lines readily with her fingers for soon she said, "You have many admirers,—very many—you will marry soon." Eloise smiled.

"You live here?" asked the gypsy.

"No!" answered Eloise, "this is a school."

"Oh!—You go to school. Why?"

"I'm going to be a teacher."

"No! You no teach—get married!"

"Not teach," thought Eloise, "what could she be talking about?"

But the old woman kept on, letting her fingers follow the lines in the girl's hand. "You have one man—no—two,—more maybe. You go much—have good time." All this pleased Eloise. The gypsy was smiling but soon the smile faded and she looked sharply at the girl beside her. After a moment she spoke again. "I see you—five—maybe ten years—you not teach—you have too much good time here—you not study—not teach!"

Eloise thought a moment, then she smiled, "Do I get married?" she asked.

"No—not get married. You have many admirers—but not get married—play too much—fool 'em. They don't know—don't like. You don't get married—get old alone!"

Eloise looked at the old woman for a moment, almost refusing to believe what she had heard. "I don't get married? Don't teach?"

"No!" answered the gypsy. "Just have fun—good time—why?—you know how—be good teacher—but you play—always play!" then she paused.

"Well!" said Eloise, "What am I going to do?" But the old woman seemed to be dreaming. She passed her fingers lightly along the girl's hand and finally she said, "I see you—you are in a big house—children—big yard—fine clothes—nice flowers—music—but you work—for other woman!"

Eloise drew a sharp breath. What was the old woman saying? Then she jumped to her feet and taking a quarter from her purse she gave it to the gypsy, saying, "Now go!"

The old woman took the money and mumbling to herself she moved off through the shadows to the road. Eloise watched her go and as she stood alone in the moonlight she began to think. The last picture that the fortune-teller had painted was not a pleasant one. Would it really come to that? Was she really wasting her time? Just playing? She sat down at the foot of the tree and the hour that she spent alone was not a pleasant one.

But at the end of that hour Eloise Vane had found herself and it was a different girl that mentally cancelled her engagement that night with Earle Morris. She picked up her suitcase and walked slowly through the soft moonlight of a spring night back to the dormitory and the duties of Kent State Normal.

K. G. G.

Wanted

Any articles pertaining to Newton's discoveries of gravity...Mrs. Gilbert

A *nice* tall man .....Mabel Walworth

A "father" .....Dorm girls

A specimen of cress (Kress) .....Arleen Crittenden

A "Skinner" to really love me .....Emmeline Baumeister

Some one to make a fuss over me .....Ruth Jenkins

A chemical mop .....Christina Myers

A "Spooner" .....Leo Welsh

More time to drink coffee .....Margaret Williamson

Another member of the faculty to argue with .....Minnie Dayton

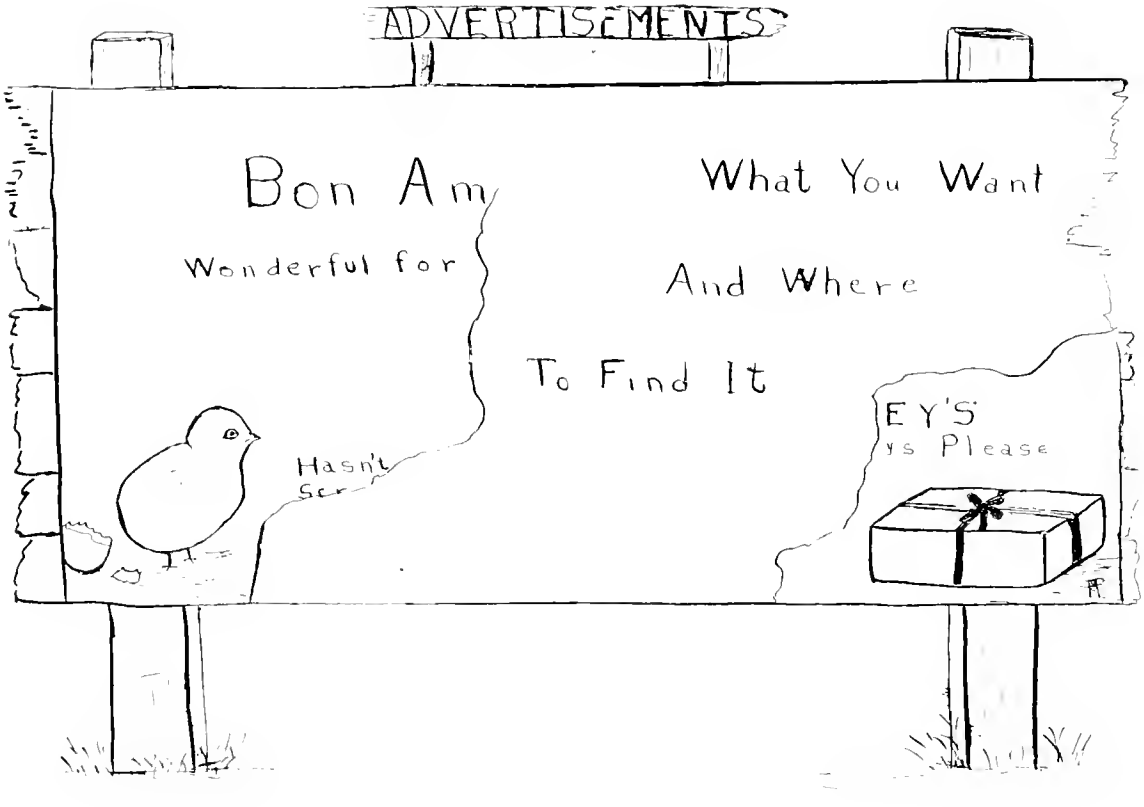
A bunch of grinds .....The Faculty

An alarm clock .....Alleen Canfield

A chance to join the Mexican army .....Crilla Thomas

A faculty that will appreciate my unexcelled ability.....Artrella McCoy

Some one that has attended more universities than Marker.....
.....Psychology Students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Jokes

Mr. Dinsmore: "They are a well mated pair."

Mr. Hopkins: "Yes, botanically speaking, she is a society bug and he is a blooming idiot."

Miss Warring: "Baby girls begin to talk sooner than baby boys."

Mr. Marker: "Yes!—and they generally keep it up."

Mr. Hopkins: "Miss Rigby, define 'Vacuum'."

Miss Rigby: "I can't define it, but I have it in my head."

Mr. Pittenger: "Miss Loomis, give me a sentence using the word 'charmingly'."

Miss Loomis: "The girl looked charmingly."

Mr. Pittenger: "Will you please look at me just that way so I may understand what you mean?"

Mr. Marker: (In Psychology) "The brain is not fully developed until twenty-five years of age, but some of you ladies never reach that age so I don't know what you will do!"

Miss Motz: "David slew Golly-ath—" [Goliath].

Mr. Pittenger: "If you don't stop swearing you may leave the class."

Mr. Layton: "Normandy,—Normandy—Oh! yes!—that's where the apple-blossoms grow."

Mr. Hopkins: "Miss Canfield, may I make special arrangements with you to furnish the Nature Study class with rats?"

Miss Witsaman: "I have forgotten the answer to that question."

Mr. Layton: "You're more fortunate than the others if you ever knew the answer."

Helen: "What have you been doing, Alleen?"

Alleen: "Combing my hair off and on for two hours."

Mr. Hopkins: "If you were given as a theme 'Meningococcus,' or in other words, 'Epidemic Cerebro-spinal meningitis'—how would you start out, Miss Dayton?"

Miss Dayton: "With my trunk—for home!"

Myra Jackson: "Mr. Marker wants weak tea. How can I weaken it?"

Miss Prentice: (In Psychology class) "What associations do you make when you hear the word 'star'?"

Miss Bissell: "Star,—moonlight,—Sunday,—church,—buggy-ride,—Arthur."

Miss Prentice: "Well, that tells the whole story."

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JOKES—Continued.

Olson: "Miss Ortscheidt, take the floor and discuss erosion."

Miss Ortscheidt: "I am not prepared; I did not have the time to study."

Olson: "You spent an hour on the lesson, didn't you?"

Miss Ortscheidt: "No! I had to do that *dam* stuff!"

Nickerson (speaking of baseball): "We haven't got our diamond yet!"

Frances Moore: I haven't mine, either."

Mabel Ormes: "Doesn't Leone Carter ever study?"

Frances Thompson: "We never have caught her at it!"

Freidly (to Brown, in Manual Training room): "What are you wandering around here for? Haven't you any aim in life?"

Brown: "No! I am too busy with 'Amos'."

Easton: "Mr. Olson, may I be excused from class long enough to go home?"

Olson: "Is it absolutely necessary?"

Easton: "Yes, I have forgotten my umbrella."

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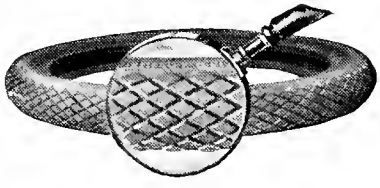

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